VOL. 4 DECEMBER, 1900. NO. 2.

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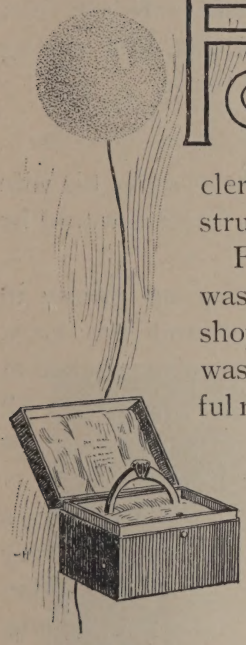
LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. IV. DECEMBER, 1900. No. 2.

LOLOTTE.

I.



THE GIFTS.

FOR an hour Mr. Jordan had cast frequent and impatient glances toward the clock. He was more than usually anxious to put away his books and leave his desk; but the rules of the office were that the clerks should not drop their pens until the clock struck five.

Five minutes later his desk was closed and he was hurrying along in the direction of the largest shops in the city. In an inside pocket of his coat was a lovely blue velvet box in which was a beautiful ring, his Christmas gift to his wife. He was now intent on choosing something for Lolotte. Dear little Lolotte!

He stopped in front of every toy-shop, looking in at the windows to find something suitable for Lolotte and which she did not already possess. He saw white lambs and drummer-boys; wooden soldiers and dolls without number; tin horses and trumpets; dolls dressed as soldiers with swords by their sides and pistols thrust into their belts; picture-books and piles and piles of candy.

Mr. Jordan searched and searched but found nothing he wanted. "There is nothing that will please Lolotte," he said.

In one shop-window he saw a pretty white rabbit sitting on

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its hind legs, holding a pair of cymbals; when wound the rabbit would beat the cymbals furiously. Think of it — a white rabbit beating cymbals! It reminded Mr. Jordan of one day when Lolotte had been terrified. They had used, for the first time, a new table-gong to call the maid, and Lolotte had been frightened almost into fits.

At last he reached a store of rubber goods. There were all sorts of toys made of soft rubber and brilliantly painted. Then, looking up near the top of the window, he saw a number of red balloons bobbing about at the ends of strings which were fastened at the bottom of the window. A balloon! It was just the thing! He entered the store and bought one, first asking if the color was poisonous. Then he hurried home.

II.

Mr. Jordan was happy because he was about to make his wife happy with the gift of the ring, and then, too, Lolotte would be pleased with her plaything.

Dear Lolotte! she was so nice at table, sitting up primly in her little high-chair, with a napkin pinned around her neck. As he and his wife sat opposite each other, they often looked at Lolotte. What pretty turns of the head! what a grace in all her movements! And always, each time she did anything new or cunning, they smiled and said, "Dear little Lolotte!"

Lolotte had lost her mother when she was only a few days old, and the Jordans adopted her. For a time she seemed very feeble, and they were anxious about her. One day, Mr. Jordan was so worried that he even made an error in his accounts, mistaking a 3 for an 8. As the little thing grew older, the Jordans became very fond of her, and it would have broken their hearts if they had been obliged to part with her.

III.

Mr. Jordan entered his house noiselessly. He took off his overcoat and hat, and then went to the room where his wife was sitting. When he gave her the beautiful ring Mrs. Jordan was delighted, and thanked him very sweetly.

"I have something else," Mr. Jordan said.

"For me?"

"No, for Lolotte!"

"How kind! how thoughtful, Victor!" and Mrs. Jordan threw her arms around her husband's neck and kissed him. Of course he would bring her a Christmas present, but it was very kind of him to think of Lolotte — and such a pretty toy, too. "Will you give it to her now, or wait until to-morrow morning?"

"Now."

Mrs. Jordan ran to the door and called: "Lolotte! Lolotte! Come here, my dear!"

IV.

Through the half-opened door, with head erect and with velvet tread, came the little Maltese cat, Lolotte!

Mrs. Carlton A. Kingsbury.—From the French of Hughes le Roux.

HOLDING PAPA'S HORSE.

OUR APPLES.

(When I was a Little Girl.)

WHEN I was a little girl oranges and lemons were great luxuries in the little town where I lived; I hardly ever had an orange unless I was ill. I remember having some nice ones when I had the measles and my little brother and sister standing beside my bed and wishing that they had the measles too, so that they could have nice things like Betsey.

We never had iced lemonade whenever we wished it on hot summer days, as people do now; ice was a luxury too, and we very seldom saw any except in the winter; then it was so cold that water and milk and about everything else froze in the house over-night, and we didn't want ice at all. I was quite grown up before I ever even saw a banana, and I never learned to like them, and when I see little girls and boys eating great big bananas one after another as fast as they can, I wonder at them.

But when I was a little girl we had many kinds of apples on our place, and I could eat just as many as I wanted every day all winter, and there were some that got ripe very early in the autumn too. I can't think of all the names now; but some that were very big were called "pound pippins," because they weighed a pound apiece; and there were some others that were called "pound sweets;" and we had some funny limber apples that we called "balls of yarn," and some long pointed dark-red ones that we called "pig noses."

We children used to do a great many things with apples. We liked to tie them by their stems to stout strings and hang them before the open fire to roast; we kept them twirling round and round and pretty soon they were all soft and juicy, and how nice they did smell and taste too!

Sometimes we sewed with a strong thread all around the apples just under the skin, putting the needle into the same hole it came out of each time, and having the two ends of the thread hanging out of the last hole; then we held the ends together and pulled very hard till the thread came out; this cut the apple in two *under the skin*, and we would give it to someone to eat, and when the apple was pared it fell apart, and was a fine surprise — "surprise apples" we called them.

Sometimes we took small apples and stuck them very full of cloves and they made nice spicy-smelling balls to put in bureau drawers, but they were not good to eat. We liked better to make what we called "cider apples;" we would each take a big "greening" apple and go out-of-doors and pound the apple against the side of the house until it was very soft all over, being careful not to break the skin. When the apple was just as soft as could be, we made a small hole in it and could suck out all the apple but a little about the core.

Then we generally ate some of the core too, and if the seeds were nice fat ones we dried them and played with them. You see we did not have as many playthings as children have now, so we made the most we could of whatever we did have that we could play with.

We sewed the seeds edgewise on cards for mice, making the tails and ears with fine brown cotton; sometimes we put on the card a tiny little bag stuffed with sawdust to look like meal and had the apple-seed mice gathered about it and some of them going up on the bag.

Now and then before eating an apple we used to "wish," and then guess the number of seeds, and the one who guessed exactly, we used to say, would get the wish. We strung apple-seeds by the small ends with a needle and thread and made fine necklaces for our dolls — at least my sister and I did, but my brother called that "girl's play;" but he used to play some counting-games with us, with the seeds. I am sorry I have forgotten what they were.

I remember something more we did with the apples themselves that pleased my sister and myself very much. On a nice

bright day in the fall my mother and aunt used to take pans and sharp knives and go down to the big orchard. It was so pleasant there under the trees! We helped gather a lot of apples and then were given large needles, threaded with long strong thread or twine; and as my mother and aunt pared and sliced the apples we would string them. We thought it great fun and would run races with each other to see which would get her string full first.

WE TWIRLED THE ROASTING APPLE ROUND AND ROUND.

These strings of apples were hung up on the side of the house in the hot sun every day till perfectly dry, and then they were carefully put away to use the next spring and early summer-time before apples were ripe again, though some were used in the winter, too.

We liked dried-apple pies with raisins in them, and dried-apple sauce, but best of all we liked little fried turnover-pies with dried apple in them. When these were being fried we hung about the kitchen until mother gave us one piping hot with a

bit of cheese for lunch. Fried pies were generally made on very cold days in the winter, and we would run about the cold snowy yard keeping quite warm eating our hot pies, so sweet and brown, so nice with a little flavor of nutmeg, or of pounded cinnamon, or of grated lemon-peel.

When I was a little girl many people in town were still cooking with open fires, and one day my sister and I went into a neighbor's kitchen and she was frying the biggest kind of dried-apple pies in a kettle of fat hung over the big fire in the fireplace.

We had never seen such great fried pies, almost a foot long, and looking as though they would be perfectly splendid to eat; so we stayed on watching, and by and by the kind woman gave us each a pie and off we went. As soon as we got outside the yard we both took a bite of our big pies — and oh, what a disappointment they were! They were not all sweet and spicy like mother's fried turnovers, but just "plain dried apple," rather sour, and about half the big pie was thick crust. We could eat only a little, and we tucked away the rest under a bush where no one would see it. We hoped some hungry bird or squirrel would find it and like it. We felt surer than ever that nobody made such nice, nice things as our own dear mother.

Elizabeth Robinson.

A SUNNY CHRISTMAS.

TO give some one a little gift
This frosty Christmas season,
All wrapped around with Christmas love,
Tied with a string of smiles above,
With lots of wishes, good and gay,
In every corner tucked away,
Will bring you just the sunniest day —
I wonder what's the reason!

Alice E. Allen.

"MAMA! COME QUICK!"

BECKY'S CHRISTMAS CAKE.

When Becky's birthday came in the summer,
Her Grandmama sent to her small namesake,
In a little round box of silver pasteboard,
A beautiful frosted birthday-cake;
And Becky thought that of all of her presents —
The toys, and the books, and all of the rest,
Yes, better by far than the dolls and the candies —
Grandma's cake was the very best.

When Christmas grew near, said Becky's mother,
"For a play today, a list let us make
Of the gifts we would like;" but Becky shouted,
"I want just a Christmas-birthday-cake!"
And her mother smiled; for out in the pantry,
On a shelf, in secret set away,
Was another cake that her Grandmama sent her
To make her happy on Christmas Day.

When Becky awoke on Christmas morning
A fat little stocking hung by her bed,
And a silvery box sat there beside it —
"Oh Grandma did! she did!" she said,
And off the cover came in a twinkling!
Then — oh, what a scream rang through the house!
For up through a hole in the top of the frosting
Popped out the head of a small gray mouse!

Whisk! 'tis gone! but scared little Becky
Cries, "Mama! come quick, or he'll nibble me!
He's here in my bed! he's gone in my pillow!"
And Mama comes; and Becky and she
See a funny sight as the crackled frosting
From the little silver box they take;
There are five baby mice cuddled close together,
And not a crumb of the Christmas cake!

Josephine A. Van Tassel.

IN BAB'S WOODS.

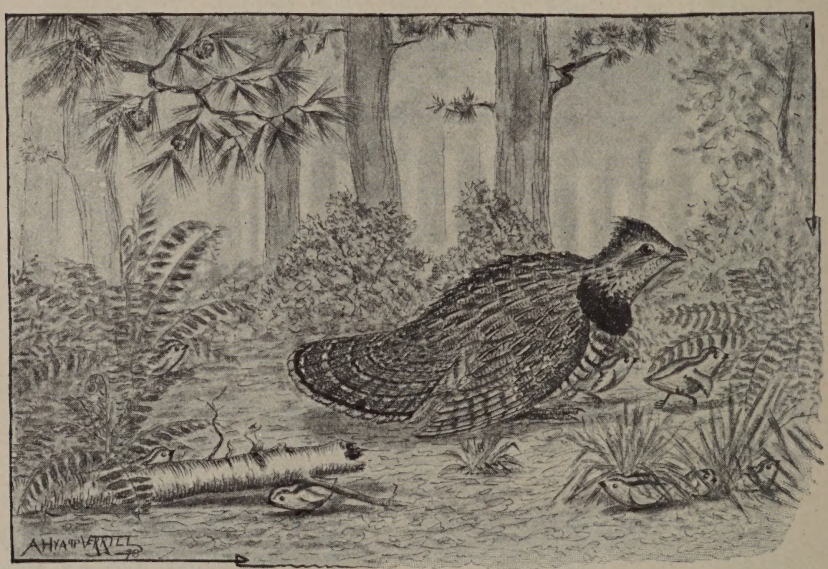
THE NEST IN THE WOODS.

THE Partridge family in Bab's woods was going to move. Bab's woods were beautiful woods, all pines and juniper. dark-green and brown overhead, dark-green and brown underfoot. The little child Partridges thought theirs was the prettiest home in the world, and they were full of grief to hear their Mother say she must move away.

"Why must we move, Mother dear?" asked the youngest Partridge child, cuddling down in the nest. There were four-

teen of them, and she had been the last one to come out of the shell.

"Listen," said the Mother Partridge, looking around on them all with her sad eyes — the eyes of Partridges are the most beautiful and sad of all eyes. "One day, before any of you were hatched, the Monster who roams in these woods discovered my nest. Although I flew off with my loudest whirr, it would not follow. It stooped down and put its hand into the nest and



THE PARTRIDGE MOTHER SPOKE A WORD AS SHE FLEW.

picked up one of my lovely buff eggs. I waited. I could scarcely breathe. Oh, how glad I was when it laid back the egg and went away!"

"What a kind Monster!" cried the child Partridges. "Wasn't it a kind Monster to put the egg back and go away!"

"Kind!" The Partridge mother ruffled up her neck-feathers. "Children," she said, "it meant to come back when the egg would be a bird! Hush!"

She bent her head to the ground; then she gave a sharp chirr of alarm.

Bab was a little girl who was sometimes good and sometimes bad, and was called "Good-little-bad-Bab."

It was a fine day all around Bab's home, much too pleasant to spend in-doors building block houses for little Bob. A few days before, Bab had found a Partridge's nest in her woods, with fourteen lovely buff eggs in it, and she wanted to go and see if the birds were hatched.

Bab called the thick pine woods behind the garden hers, because it was not very far from the house and she could go there at any time easily.

"Fourteen children are too many for any mother to bring up," Bab said to herself. "I should like a little Partridge for a pet. Their stripes and speckles are so pretty!"

Bab turned her back on Bobby and ran out of the front hall door and around the corner, and set off bareheaded for the woods though she could hear her little brother calling her.

The nest was back in among the tallest pines, among some rocks where there were ferns and junipers. Bab stepped carefully, but suddenly a Partridge flew up at her very feet. "Oh," cried Bab, "the dear little things — there they are, all hatched!"

But Bab saw the little oval-backed birds just one second only, for the Partridge mother had spoken a word as she flew, and every child had heard it and obeyed. Indeed, there is nothing prettier than the prompt obedience of little Partridges to the mother-bird.

First under this bush they hid, then under that! Down flat to the ground they lay, so like the dead leaves that no human eye could tell that they were little birds!

Mother Partridge had well proved that she could bring up her fourteen children; and having looked in vain for the young birds, Good-little-bad-Bab went thoughtfully home.

Bob was so pleased to see her again that Bab hugged him tight, and sat down with him in the rocking-chair.

"Now," she said, "I'm going to amuse you, Bobby. I will tell you a pretty story about Partridges, and it will teach you that little boys should always promptly obey their mothers!"

A. G. Plympton.

THE OLD HOUSE WHERE BOBBIN LIVED.

BOBBIN'S FIRST CHRISTMAS-TREE.

(In Two Parts.)

Part I. — The Gray Squirrel's Plan.

BOBBIN was a little Boy. He lived with an old Shoemaker, in an old house on the edge of the woods. The Shoemaker talked very little and, as there were no houses near, there were no little Boys for Bobbin to play with, so he used to go into the woods and talk to the Rabbits and the Squirrels. They were afraid of other Boys but they knew little Bobbin would not hurt them.

There were many Rabbits in the woods, and many Squirrels, and Birds, and they were very friendly together, so that whenever a Squirrel heard a sound as of someone walking on the dry leaves he would call out, "Somebody's coming!" and all the Rabbits would stop and listen, ready to run and hide.

Then there would be a little flutter of wings as a Bird flew quietly nearer among the branches of the trees to see who it was, and some timid little Rabbit would whisper; "Is there a gun?"

Then a Chipmunk on a low branch where he could see the path would answer, "No, it's a Child."

Then the little Bird who had flown nearer would cry, "It's a *Boy!* It's a *Boy!*" And all their little hearts would beat very fast with fright, and the Rabbits would run as fast as they could to their hiding-places.

But if the Chipmunk who could see along the path called,

"Yes, it's a Boy, but it's Bobbin! Only Bobbin!" the singing and chattering would begin again, and the Rabbits would come patting back on their velvet feet.

Just now winter had come; the ground was covered with snow, and many of Bobbin's Bird-friends had flown south. But those that had stayed behind in the cold, and some of the little animals, too, were less afraid than before, and sometimes came out of the woods by the Shoemaker's house to find the crumbs Bobbin had left there for them on the ground.

One afternoon, a few days before Christmas, Bobbin walked all the way to the village through the snow to carry a pair of shoes. When the Children of the village saw him they came around him, all talking of a wonderful Chrismas-tree they were to have.

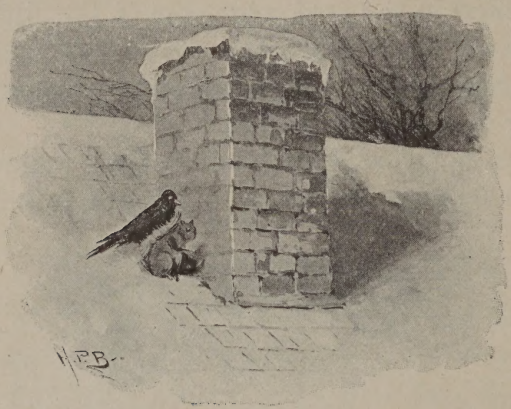
"I'M AFRAID I CAN'T GO," SAID BOBBIN.

There was to be something on it for everyone of them, and it was to have lighted candles on every branch. It would be at the school-house, and the Schoolmaster had told them all that the first one who saw Bobbin must be sure to tell him to come to their Christmas-eve party.

Bobbin walked home slowly, thinking about the beautiful Tree and wondering if the Shoemaker would let him go to the party. As he went along he saw a gray Squirrel sitting on a branch of an old oak-tree and he stopped to tell her about the

Christmas-tree and how very, very much he wanted to go.

The Squirrel had been nibbling an acorn which she held between her paws, but now she turned her little head on one side and then on the other and looked at him with one bright little eye and then with the other, as if trying hard to understand.



TWO LITTLE DARK THINGS.

"It's going to be the wonderfulest thing that ever was, Squirrel," said Bobbin, "but I'm afraid I can't go to see it because I live so far away.

But Squirrel didn't speak, and as it was growing dark, Bobbin hurried home.

When he had eaten his supper he sat down on the floor on one side of the wide fireplace while the Shoemaker took his big chair on the other. Bobbin wanted to ask if he could go to the Christmas party but was afraid to begin; so he sat watching the smoke floating up the chimney and the flames trying to follow. The flames seemed pointing Bobbin to something up there.

And there *was* something there, though not inside. On the roof, by the warm chimney in a sheltered corner, sat two little dark things close together. One was a Crow and the other was that little gray Squirrel.

The Squirrel had just been telling the Crow what Bobbin had told her. The gray Squirrel always told everything she knew.

"I peeped in as I came up," she said. "You know I always climb the tree and then jump on to the roof, and as I was running up the tree I peeped in the window and I saw Bobbin and the Shoemaker sitting by the fire and not saying a single word."

"What's that got to do with the Christmas-tree?" asked the Crow.

"Why," said the Squirrel, "I am sure Bobbin was going to ask if he could go to the party; but though I've been listening

with my ear against the chimney I haven't heard a word yet."

The Crow was settling his head down among his shoulder-feathers for a nap, and didn't answer.

Everything was very still and the Squirrel waited with her ear close to a crack in the chimney to hear the little boy speak, her tail and whiskers twitching with impatience. At last she could stand it no longer and cried, "Speak! speak! speak!" so suddenly that the Crow woke with a jump.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"Oh, I didn't mean you," said the Squirrel, looking at him over her shoulder. "Go to sleep!"

Down in the room below, Bobbin and the Shoemaker had heard the Squirrel when she called, but it sounded like "Squeak! squeak! squeak!" and they thought it was a mouse in the wall.

The Squirrel heard the Shoemaker's voice saying, "There's another mouse; we'll have to get a cat." And then Bobbin's little voice answered, "I can get one in the village. And — please, there's going to be a Christmas-tree at the schoolhouse and they asked me to come to see it."

The gray Squirrel on the roof listened harder than ever, for this was what she had been waiting to hear. She heard Bobbin's voice going on: You know I never saw a Christmas-tree and I never had any presents — can't I go?"

Then the Squirrel heard the Shoemaker's voice: "Now Bobbin you'd just better try to not think about that Tree. I don't see how you could go — how do you think you could get to the village in the dark in all this snow? "I never saw a Christmas-tree when I was a boy, and I guess you'll have to try to get along without, too."

At this point the Squirrel broke out in an angry chatter: "Well I declare! I declare! I declare!"

"What is it?" cried the Crow, waking again.

"Why Bobbin *can't go!* He can't see that wonderful Tree! And now I'll never know what a Christmas-tree is — Bobbin would have told me all about it!"

"Don't you know what a Christmas-tree is?" said the Crow.

"No, I don't," said she. "But there must be something very

strange about them if Bobbin wants to go so far to look at one!"

"They *are* strange" said the Crow. "I saw one once through a window. Bobbin ought to be let to go. Every branch was full of fruit — not all of one sort, like a common tree, but of all sorts, and it bore nuts too, and shiny things; and there were little burning things all over it, like stars and fireflies on sticks!"

"Oh, what a fine tree it would be to live in!" said the Squirrel. "Do they always grow in houses?"

"If there were any growing in the woods we would hear of them," said the Crow. "But do you know," he added, "I have an idea that Christmas-trees don't really grow at all"

"But you said you saw one!" said the Squirrel.

"So I did see one," said the Crow; "but I saw it again the next day when it had been thrown out in a field. Almost everything had been picked off and it looked as much like a common hemlock-tree as any hemlock I ever saw in the woods."

"But how did all the things grow on it if it was a hemlock-tree?" asked the Squirrel.

"You've seen string, haven't you?" said the Crow. "People that live in houses use it to fasten things together. There was some on the Tree, and I think they used it to fasten the fruit on."

Gray Squirrel thought a moment, smoothing her whiskers with her paw. The Crow sleepily closed his eyes once more.

"I have it!" shouted the Squirrel, suddenly giving a hop. "You *must* wake up, Jim Crow! I've got a plan! We'll ask everyone to help and we'll make a Christmas-tree for Bobbin!"

"Where can you find things to fasten on?" said the Crow.

"I've thought of that," said the Squirrel. "'Most every one of us has something nice put away for winter, and each one can bring something out for the Tree."

"It isn't a bad idea," said the Crow.

"Come on then!" said the Squirrel, running down the side of the roof and springing into a tree. "I'll go through the side of the woods towards the sunrise and you can take the other, and we'll tell all Bobbin's friends to meet at the big oak-tree.

Away flew the Crow to the left into the woods, and away ran Gray Squirrel through the branches to the right, and there was

THE CONSULTATION AT THE OLD OAK.

nothing to be seen on the roof but the snow with little foot-prints around the chimney.

Before the sun was up all the birds and animals that loved Bobbin were gathered at the oak-tree; some sitting in the branches and some on the ground, while Gray Squirrel told her plan.

All were delighted at the idea of making a Christmas-tree for Bobbin, and all, excepting little Chipmunk, were ready to help. *He* said he would like to see a Christmas-tree, but he didn't know that he wanted to give any of his beechnuts — it had taken him a long time to gather them, and he would need all he had.

Then a gentle little Rabbit spoke: "Bobbin doesn't have much to eat, but what he has he shares with us."

"That's right, Bunny!" shouted someone, and little Chipmunk was ashamed of his selfishness and went behind a branch.

"How will we get a Tree?" asked the Crow.

"There's the hemlock-tree by Bobbin's door," said a Rabbit.

"There now!" said the Squirrel. "What could be better?"

"I never heard of a Christmas-tree being *outside* of a house," said the Crow.

"Who'll bring stars and fireflies?" broke in the Owl. "There are'nt any fireflies now, and stars grow too high to reach."

"Say!" said a Blue Jay, "why wouldn't the Owls' eyes do for lights — I've seen them shine out almost like stars."

"Just the thing!" said the Squirrel. "Mr. Owl and his family and friends shall furnish the lights — they can sit back in the branches and shine their eyes towards the moon."

"Well," said Gray Squirrel, "the sooner we begin work the better. Don't forget to bring all the shiny things you can find. Jim Crow says a Christmas-tree bears shiny things."

"And we think we'll come and sing," said the Chickadees.

"And perhaps," said the Crow, "my cousin Blue Jay will favor Bobbin with his silver song."

"Perhaps," said the Blue Jay; he well knew that his rare silver notes were wonderful to hear.

"I for one must be off," said the Owl. "You may depend on me and my family for the lights."

"Depend on us all for all we can do!" called the Woodpecker; and with many a "That's so!" the meeting broke up.

"I'll tell you a fine secret," said the Crow to the Squirrel, as soon as they were alone. "In one of my hiding-places I have something that I found on the real Christmas-tree."

"Oh, what is it?" asked the Squirrel.

"I can't tell you," said the Crow, "because I don't know myself. It's something red and soft. I am sure it is very rare and wonderful, and I intend to give it to Bobbin on his Tree."

(*To be continued.*)

Daisy D. Plympton.

MRS. SANTA CLAUS.

HOW on Earth did the fiction grow
That Santa Claus is a man? Ho, ho!
Santa Claus is a *woman.* There!
I make the assertion fair and square
And you can blazon it everywhere.

How do I know that the thing is true?
'Tis simple enough. I'll leave it to *you.*
Who knows what you want for Christmas? Say!
Is it a man who goes away
Right after breakfast and stays all day?

Or is it a woman who's always by
With the light of love in her watching eye?
Why, a Santa Claus *man* would bring white rats
To a girl whose chief delight was cats,
And books to a boy who wanted bats!

And the Christmas stocking — can you dream
That a man conceived that clever scheme?
A *man* would have got a clumsy box
And bothered with nails and screws and locks,
Or, at the best, would have hung up *socks.*

And then the name. Who ever heard
Of a man named "Santy?" It's absurd.
But every one knows how little folks name
A dear friend "Auntie," just the same
As though they really had kinship's claim.

And so it happened that people came
To think 'twas really her given name;
And this, by a natural error was
Altered into "Santie" just because
She was known as "*Mrs. Auntie Claus.*"

Edmund Vance Cooke.

LONG TOM, AND HOW THEY GOT HIM.

Chapter II.—A Cloud of Dust Ahead.

"CAN girls belong?" Pinky Jones asked, and the boys and girls on the fence all laughed.

"Of course I don't mean can we belong to the Guards," explained Pinky Jones. "Girls don't want to be soldiers. They can't fight for their country, but they can work. I mean may we help to buy the gun?"

There was a flutter all along the fence as if a flock of birds that had alighted there were eager to try their wings.

"Oh, may we help?" The same big girl said that who had called the Guards "little boys!"

"We don't like fairs that girls have and make people buy what they don't want," said Peter Plummer in a gruff voice. Peter Plummer was a big boy, twelve and tall.

"All money must be squarely earned, or saved, and without bothering anybody!" repeated Captain Billy Boy.

"And the Guards haven't voted yet to buy the gun," he added.

"Put it to vote!" cried Peter Plummer. "Strike while the iron is hot!"

And in another moment the Guards were shouting "Yes;" every boy at the top of his voice as if they had never thought that work was hard to do and candy hard to do without.

And all the boys and girls on the fence shouted "Yes," too, as if *they* were going to get the gun!

Then the Guards voted whether they would let the girls help, and again they all shouted "Yes," even Peter Plummer who didn't like fairs. And all the boys and girls on the fence shouted "Yes," as if it were for them to say!

And before night every boy in Pekoe under fourteen (as old as any boy could be to belong) had sent in his name to the Guards! They all wanted a share in the great honor of presenting a gun to the town. Why, the High School Battalion had never even thought of such a thing, and the Village Improvement Society had failed to raise enough money to get a balloon to go up on the Common the last Fourth!

TO THE RESCUE OF BEVIS.

Now "those little boys" were going to try to get the town a gun — and was it any wonder that every little boy and every little girl, too, wished to help?

And they all voted to do it without even knowing what Long Tom was going to cost! If Captain Billy Boy Brown knew he wouldn't tell even his sister Bee, although she was getting to have quite a head for business. The reason was that Bee was very intimate with Pinky Jones and everything Pinky Jones knew popped out of Pinky Jones' mouth.

Yet when Billy Boy went down to Tinkertown to find out exactly what kind of a bargain the Pekoe Guards could make for Long Tom, he chose to have his sister Bee go with him.

He and Bee had gone to Gobang together to buy a drum for the Guards and Billy Boy thought they had done very well. They had got a monkey, as well as a drum, and a good deal of fun had come out of the trip. The fun that that monkey made had not come to an end yet! Bee was very sensible for her age, or at least people were apt to think so, and yet you were pretty sure to have a good lively time if you went anywhere with her.

It had been thought at first, that a committee should be sent to Tinkertown, but there was so much trouble about choosing the committee, since every boy wished to go, that it was decided to send Captain Billy Boy only.

So Billy Boy and Bee set out for Tinkertown, the very next morning after the vote was cast. Pinky Jones had gone home to Gobang the night before. Some of the boys and girls had thought a Gobang girl ought not to be allowed to help, but others were of the opinion that before Long Tom was in the Pekoe gun-house they should be glad of all the help they could get!

Pekoe had a gun-house, Pekoe had voted many times to buy a gun and once, years before, it had come so near to getting it, that a man — it was Peter Plummer's grandfather — had given the land and built the gun-house.

Billy Boy was in a very great hurry. He was even a little cross to Bee because she had overfed Carrots, the donkey, and made him so fat that he couldn't go fast, and had given Bevis,

their old dog, so much pound cake that he couldn't even keep up with the donkey.

There was a cloud of dust ahead of them. That was what seemed to make Billy Boy in such a hurry. He whispered suddenly in Bee's ear.

"We can buy Long Tom for only fifteen dollars. Ray Rogers told me so. The gun is worth more than that for old iron. Expect the Tatwick boys will get ahead of us! Can you see the cloud of dust now?"

"I see it, just a speck a long way ahead!" said Bee, whose eyes were sharper than Billy Boy's.

"They'll get there before us!" said Billy Boy in a hoarse voice. "You coax Carrots!"

Bee didn't see why the cloud of dust meant so much to Billy Boy, but she began to say, "Good Carrots," "Pretty Carrots," in a soft fine voice.

Carrots took no notice at all, and just then Bevis felt it to be his duty to fight a very large dog that was hurting a little dog. The large dog was larger and younger than Bevis and was getting the better of him. "We can't leave Bevis to be hurt!" said Bee.

"No, we can't," said Billy Boy. He got down from the cart and went to Bevis' rescue. But he sighed heavily. The cloud of dust had whirled away ahead of them until even Bee could not see a speck.

"What does the cloud of dust mean?" asked Bee, as Billy Boy got into the cart.

"I think it means that the Tatwick boys are after Long Tom!" said Billy Boy. "Ray Rogers has gone to Tatwick to school. This is the first Saturday since school began. I think I saw that cloud of dust come down the Tatwick road! The Tatwick gun burst the last Fourth of July. The Tatwick boys will be sure to try to get Long Tom."

"And they've got in ahead of us!" cried Bee. "Oh, dear, will nothing make Carrots go?"

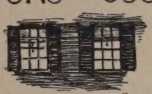
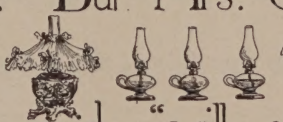
(To be continued.)

Sophie Swett.

THE LITTLE OWLS AT RED GATES.

II

AS soon as it was dark at Mrs. [owl] 's house, she and her children came outdoors to sit and look about. Each had an enormous pair of [eyes] to see with. All at once the little [owl] named Owlkin began to hoot and ruffle up his [feathers]. "I see a [rabbit]," said he, "and I am going to catch him for breakfast!" "Sit still!" said Mrs. Owl. "Little [owl] can't catch [rabbit]." The other little owl, named Owlet, cried out that she saw a [squirrel], and was going after him. Her mother said, "Sit still! Little [owl] can't catch [squirrel]." But the little owls were hungry and didn't sit still, and when they saw a striped [cat] prowling through the deep [fern], both spread their little speckled [wings] to pounce on her. "Sit still!" cried their mother, "sit still! [owl] don't catch [cat] — cats catch owls! That

is the old barn-cat. I've seen her eating ." "Oh dear!" said both little owls, "we shan't have any at all!" and they flew into the next tree to get a look at the where lived the dreadful They came back, shrieking, "The by the barn is full of ! It's going to be daytime, and then we can't catch our breakfast!" They put their little to their and cried. Mrs. Owl flew out where she could see the Dilver house. All the  were lighted. She never before had seen lights there. The man who had lived there was an old , and his wife was an old , and they drew down the at dusk, and lit a little bit of a , and went very early to . But Mrs. Owl knew that the lights were  . "That kind of ," she said, "will soon set, and then we will all fly over there."

THE RHYME OF THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

Here
I t a l l
and stately
s t a n d,
Each l i m b
like a n out-
stretched
hand, Loaded
down with love-
ly toys, Waiting
for the girls and
boys. Shining tin-
sel wide I fling —
Yards of pop-corn
a l l a-string — Dolls,
and drums, and books, and
games, Bearing all good
children's names. But, with all
my lights aglow, There's a les-
son I would show, As, this joyful
Christmastide, Gifts are scattered
far and wide. I would have your
thoughts ascend, Unto him the
Children's Friend —
He
who
at
his
glo-
rious
birth,
Peace and good-
will brought to earth.

Maggie Wheeler Ross.

THE LOVABLE TALES OF JANEY AND JOSEY AND JOE.

II. — That Terrible Day.

JANEY WOULD CRY.

THERE was one thing little Janey Monroe would do — dear as she was and sweet as she was — that greatly troubled her father and mother and that made poor Josey and Joe, who loved her so dearly, very unhappy at times. She *would* pucker her dear little face and open her sweet little mouth and cry very loud and no one could tell what she wanted.

"Now what *do* you want, little precious?" her mother would say. "Why do you pucker your funny face and cry in that way?"

And Janey would say, "Oh, I don't know, I don't *know!* I guess it's because I'm so very naughty!"

And Josey would say, "No, Janey, you're *not* naughty. Why do you say you are naughty?"

And funny little Janey would say, "'Cause I want and I want, and I don't know what I want I'm so naughty!"

And one terrible day — Josey never forgot that day, and Joe never forgot that day, and I am sure little Janey never forgot it either — her father frowned and said, "Janey you are six years old and it is time you stopped this ridiculous crying — I am going to punish you, Janey!"

And Josey said, "Oh, papa, papa, please don't punish our dear little Janey!"

And Joe said, "Oh, papa, no! no! punish me, but *don't* punish dear little Janey!"

But their father frowned and said, "Josey and Joe, go right up-stairs and do not speak to Janey again till to-morrow!"

And Josey and Joe went up-stairs, and the big round sun went under a cloud and it began to rain.

And Joe said, " The beautiful sky is crying because our father is going to punish our dear little Janey! "

And Josey said, " Oh, oh I wish *I* was the one that cried and puckered my face and not my po-o-er little Janey! "

Oh, that was a dark and terrible day for Josey and Joe, when Janey was punished.

And Janey's father frowned and said, " Come Janey, come to my room with me." And Janey went to her father's room.

And her father stood her before him and looked right into her eyes and said, " Now Janey Monroe, have you any *good* reason for puckering your sweet little face and crying this way, day after day, and day after day? If you have, tell your father and he will forgive you! "

And Janey locked up into her father's eyes and said, " Oh, I cry 'cause I want, and *want* so many things, dear papa! "

And her father said, " What *do* you want, little Janey? "

And Janey thought a minute, and then she said, " Well, sometimes I think about fairies, and I play one is coming to see me — oh, a sweet little fairy, papa, with little white wings and little gold shoes on his feet, and when I hear a rap, rap, and go to the door there isn't a fairy there, and I never have seen a fairy, and I *want* to see one, papa! "

And her father laughed and said, " Oh, Janey, you dear little goosie, is *this* the reason you cry? Now what else do you want, little precious? "

And Janey looked up into her father's eyes and said, " Sometimes I go all alone to the beautiful woods and play, and when everything is still, just as still, I imagine the flowers are speaking to me, and the birds are speaking to me, but they never do, papa, they never do, and I *want* them to! I *want* them to! "

And her father said " Oh Janey dear, you must not think of things that make you sad. You must only think beautiful thoughts that make you glad, little daughter. Good little thoughts are angels bright. If you think good thoughts you will do what is right, and not trouble your father and mother."

"SO YOU DID, SO YOU DID, JANEY."

And Janey looked up into her father's eyes and said, "When will you punish me, papa?"

And her father said, "Now, right now. You must stay alone in this room *all day*, and have only bread and milk for your supper, and not see Josey or Joe!"

And Janey puckered her sweet little face to cry, and then she smiled through her tears and said, "'Good little thoughts are angels bright. If you think good thoughts you will do what is right.' There, I remembered it, papa,"

And her father caught her up into his arms and hugged her tight and said, "So you did, so you did, my sweet little Janey!"

And Janey stayed in her father's room alone all day and had

only bread and milk for her supper, and did not see Josey or Joe at all all day.

It was a *very* long day, but it cured little Janey of puckering her sweet little face and crying.

Gertrude Smith.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

RIDDLE-RHYMES.

V.

TEN centuries and nine ago,
This very year and month of snow,
With faces glad and reverent,
Across Judea's plains they went;

And through the night a star led them
Toward the town of Bethlehem,
Where in a manger sweet with hay
The little Christ-Child smiling lay.

And as they went a great light shone,
And angels, in a shining zone,
Sang from the heavens all hushed and still,
Of peace on earth, to men good-will.

Now who were they, that wondrous night,
Who, led by song and white star light,
With gifts and worship took their way
To where the Christ-Child smiling lay?

VI.

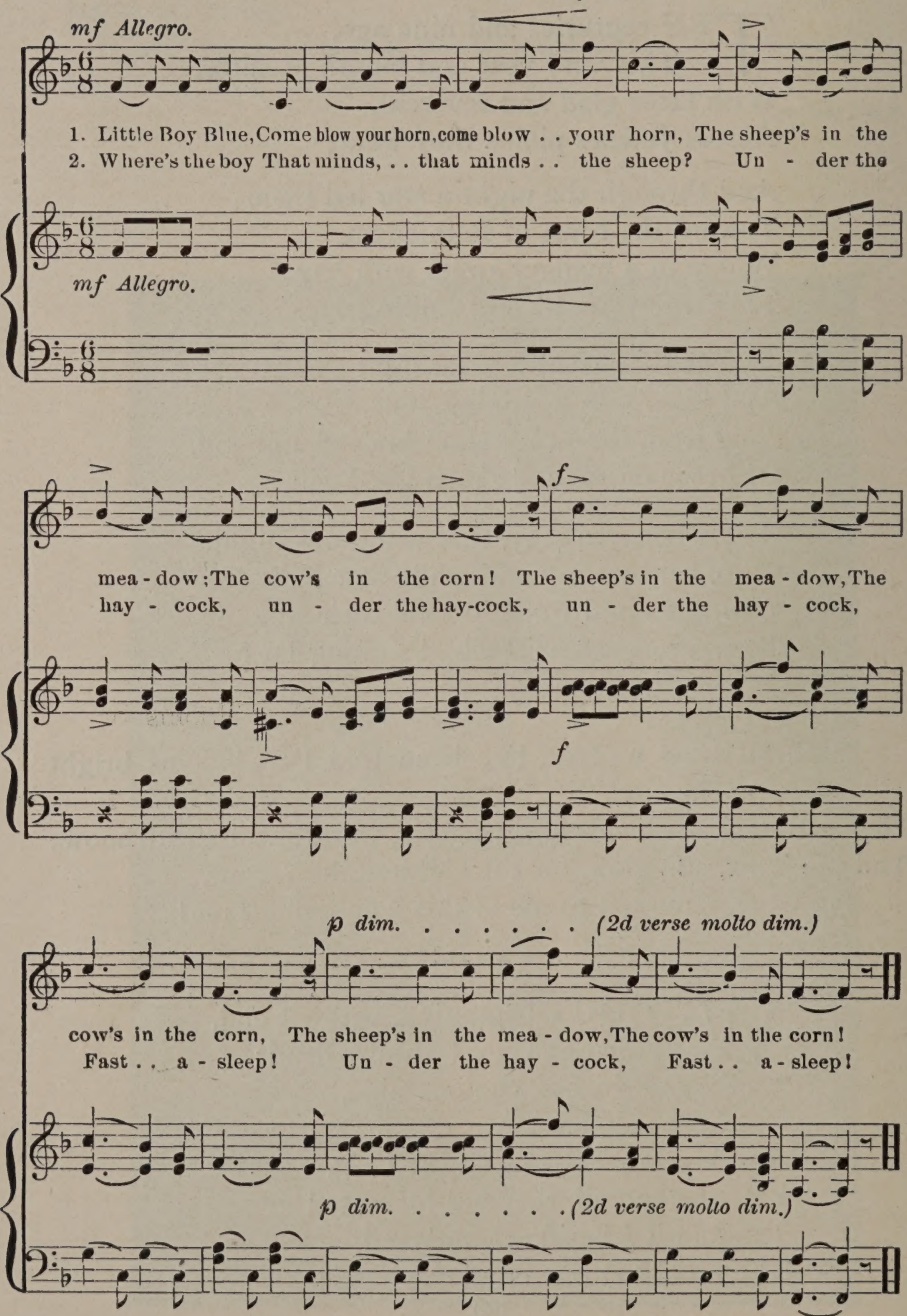
THERE'S a Tree, I've been told, that blooms bright in the cold,
That with fruitage bends low when the world's white with snow;
And the Tree, all aglow, for the children doth grow.
Now the name tell to me of this wonderful Tree!

VII.

WITHOUT beginning, without end,
Howe'er I go, I always bend;
Where'er I go, companions nine,
Or one, or all, are always mine:
And less am I than e'en the least,
Yet, one and all, they are increased
Ten-fold if I beside them stand,
The humblest one of all the band!

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Music by Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE.


mf Allegro.
1. Little Boy Blue, Come blow your horn, come blow . . your horn, The sheep's in the
2. Where's the boy That minds, . . that minds . . the sheep? Un - der the
mf Allegro.
f
mea - dow; The cow's in the corn! The sheep's in the mea - dow, The
hay - cock, un - der the hay-cock, un - der the hay - cock,
f
p dim. . . . . (2d verse molto dim.)
cow's in the corn, The sheep's in the mea - dow, The cow's in the corn!
Fast . . a - sleep! Un - der the hay - cock, Fast . . a - sleep!
p dim. . . . . (2d verse molto dim.)

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PUBLISHER'S TALK.

The one thing the publisher wishes to talk about this month is *new subscribers*. You will find it easier to organize a Club this month than at any other time. Everybody wishes to give the little ones Christmas presents, and it is easy to see that LITTLE FOLKS, coming as it does twelve times a year, makes a most desirable gift.

It is a source of pleasure and profit each month of the entire year. It would be possible to bring the list of subscribers above 100,000 if each reader would try and send *one* new order. Most readers could secure a good many orders.

Subscribers should note the Club rates with other leading magazines and papers given in this number, as it affords an opportunity to order all your periodicals through LITTLE FOLKS, and save trouble as well as expense.

On the third cover page you will find pictures of some very fine watches. Why not make yourself or someone else a present of one of them? Many subscribers will earn them, and you can do so if you begin at once and stick to it. No matter if you have to work hard to get one. The watch will give you pleasure for many years, and it will cost only a small amount of time and effort. Don't forget to examine the Premium List frequently for there are many things in it you will want, and can have. You'll find it in the November number.

Send your orders as fast as you get them, and ask to have them credited to you. When you have the required number the premium will be sent.

Mothers who are interested in good cooking should send to Chas. B. Knox, Johnston, N. Y., for a book of seventy Dainty Desserts for Dainty People. It will be sent free if you mention LITTLE FOLKS.

This is a letter from a Wisconsin girl received this morning:

DEAR LITTEE FOLKS:

I am eight years old. My papa sends you a list of eight subscribers and the premiums I want. I only had to go to seven houses to get six subscribers. I love LITTLE FOLKS.

RIDDLE-RHYMES.

In the November number appeared the first lot of Riddle-Rhymes, and in the Letter Bag of that number was an announcement about Honor Lists, and about Prizes.

In this number are three more Riddle-Rhymes. So put on your thinking-caps again, and do your best at guessing!

A December Honor List will be published in the February No. of the boys and girls over seven who send by Jan. 1st correct answers to any two of Riddle-Rhymes V, VI, VII.

Another December Honor List will be published in the Feb. No. of the boys and girls under seven who send by Jan. 1st the correct answer to any one of Riddle-Rhymes V, VI, VII.

Norwalk, Ohio.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am pleased with you very much. I think that I like the story of "The Little Girl at Mount Vernon" because it tells more about Washington than any other story does. I have been sick for a week and so I have been out of school. My little brother likes to have me read "Little Folks" every evening. I like to read the "Letter Bag" quite well. I like the letter that the little girl of Canada wrote. My mama says she thinks you have just perfectly lovely stories for little boys and little girls. I think that the pictures on the covers are very interesting. I think that "Jimmy Crow" has a funny little boy and a very very funny little crow. "The Sea Captain's Children" had such a nice time, and it was just a delightful long story. It is just as warm as summer, and spring is here today; yesterday we had rain and the day before we had snow. I have had a such a bad cough and cold that I have not been outside of the house for a week or ten days. But all the time I was sick I enjoyed reading you very much and I spent most of my time reading you. Several of the children around here take "Little Folks" and every one of them say they like it very much.

Eunice E. Lamb.

Boston, Mass.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a little girl five years old. I don't go to school just yet, but I go to dancing school. I have had the grippe. I like "Jimmie Crow" and I like "The Sand Man Lives Up in the Chimney." Why don't you send me some more "Roggie and Reggie" stories? Mama is holding my hand to help me to write. I am not writing alone, but mama is writing for me. I have a great big desk of my own. I have no cat or dog or hens or chickens, but I have a dicky-bird in a new cage because the other cage was all rusted. I hope you will print this letter in the magazine book. My name is

Harriett Dexter.

THE LITTLE FOLKS CLUB LIST 1900-01.

For the benefit of our subscribers we give the following list of periodicals at reduced rates.

After you have received the first copy of the magazine ordered from us, if it does not come regularly write to the publisher, not to us.

Should you desire any periodical not on this list drop us a postal and information will be sent at once.

Write with great care the name and address to which the paper is to be sent. Address,

S. E. CASSINO, Salem, Mass.

Periodical.	Reduced Price.	With Little Folks.
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Atlantic Monthly	3 40	4 35
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Bookman	1 75	2 70
Canadian Magazine	2 15	3 10
Century	3 65	4 60
Christian Advocate	1 75	2 70
Christian Endeavor World	1 00	2 00
Christian Herald	1 15	2 10
Collier's Weekly	3 25	4 20
Cosmopolitan	90	1 85
Delineator	95	1 90
Designer	85	1 80
"Ev'ry Month"	85	1 80
Everybody's Magazine	90	1 85
Farm & Fireside	35	1 30
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Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly	90	1 85
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Household	85	1 80
How to Grow Flowers	35	1 30
Junior Munsey	95	1 95
Ladies' Home Journal	1 00	2 00
Ladies' World	35	1 30
Ledger Monthly	50	1 45
Leslie's Weekly	3 35	4 30
Life	4 50	5 45
Lippincott's Magazine	2 00	2 95
McClure's Magazine	95	1 90
Modern Priscilla	45	1 40
Munsey's Magazine	95	1 90
National Magazine	90	1 85
New England Magazine	2 65	3 60
New Crusade	70	1 65
Nickell Magazine	45	1 40
Outing	2 40	3 35
Outlook	2 90	3 85
Pearson's Magazine	85	1 80
Perry's Magazine	80	1 75
Puritan	95	1 90
St. Nicholas	2 65	3 60
Saturday Evening Post	2 50	3 25
Scribner's Magazine	2 85	3 80
Self Culture	85	1 80
Success	1 15	2 10
The Black Cat	45	1 40
Trained Motherhood	75	1 70
Woman's Home Companion	80	1 75
Youth's Companion	1 75	2 75

Westfield, Mass.

Dear "Little Folks":—I do like you so much; I like "Billey Button's Last Naughty Day." I have just come home from Europe. I went to Paris and London just for a short voyage. I had a very nice time. I have a cat and a dog. My dog is a pug. and my cat an Angora. The dog's name is "Dandy" and my cat's name is "Moringo." They are both pets. I go to school every day and I skate after school.

Natalie R. Kellogg.

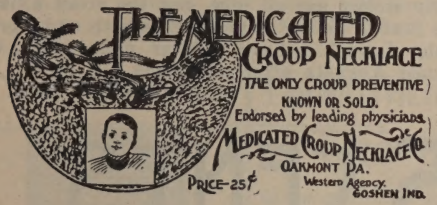
Washington, D. C.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am six years old. I have a playhouse and I have four children in it. Their names are Punch and Sambo and Judy and Rose. I pretend they are alive. Judy is sick today and Sambo is the doctor. I am glad spring has come because I can go often to the zoo. My mama wrote some verses about it like this:

What does Maudsley like to do
When winds are soft and skies are blue?
He likes to take the trolley car
And go where coons and elephants are.

I am always glad when you come. I have all the old numbers and I like to have the stories read to me. I am writing this on the typewriter, but I cannot spell the big words.

George Maudsley Maynard.



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PRICE, 15 CENTS.

The "Red Riding Hood" Christmas Card.

This represents the head of little "Red Riding hood," in bas-relief, looking over a snow clad fence, with evergreen interspersed, and saying to all "A Merry Christmas." It is most pleasing in its simplicity and natural effect. Neatly boxed.

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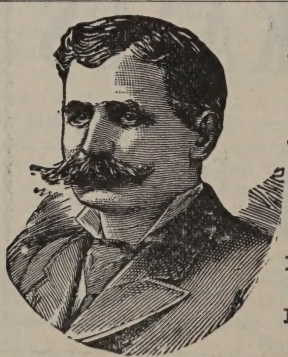

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FREE Trial Bottle if you mention this paper. Address, Drs. D. FAHRNEY & SON, Hagerstown, Md.

Newman, Ill.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am seven years old and I like you. I have a canary and he has learned to kiss me. Sometimes he sings so loud that we have to take him to another room; his name is "Dick." My little sister is afraid he will bite her. Clara Hope Moore.

Stillwater, Minn.

Dear "Little Folks":—I tried hard to get many subscribers for you. I went to many homes of my playmates, and I got four, and they like it very much. I like it all, but most I enjoy about "Tripsy" and "Jimmy Crow" and I like "Sally Smiles" better than "Dolly Dumps." We have a dog named Gyppie. He likes to lie with his head under the coal stove, and the most he is good for is to love folks and wag his tail and squirm all around when we come home because he is so happy. I began to go to school the first of last September and I was six years old. I have learned about forty words, I think, and I can write a little. I have a little friend named Gilbert and I love to play with him, he is so cunning.

Harold Clark.

Springfield, Ohio,

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a new subscriber and think you ever so fine. I am seven years old and I go to school. I can read the story of "Jimmy Crow and Pepper," also of the "Five Kittens," and both are very interesting. Your stories are all nice, but the story I like the best is that of "Queen Elizabeth and Poor Baby Dare." I have a large doll, which is named Augusta after my mama.

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Frances Elizabeth Barton.

Quincy, Ill.

Dear "Little Folks":—I like you very much. I like best "Sea Captain Children," "Roggie and Reggie," "The Yellow-capped Monkey," and "Mazie." I have a dog, two birds and three dolls. I will be so glad when the wild-flowers are in bloom. Mama said I could take you again. I have a play house and every thing to keep house with. Ruth Wyatt.

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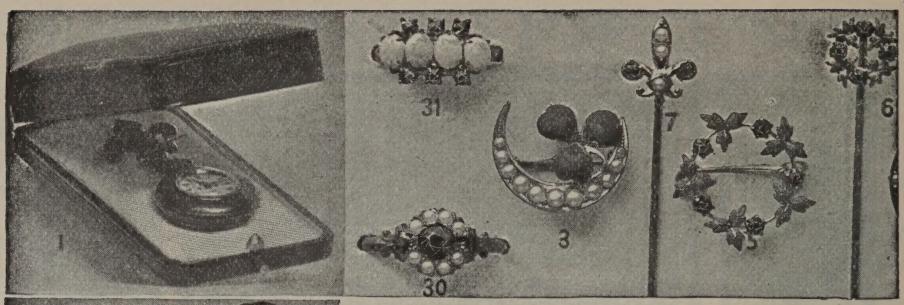

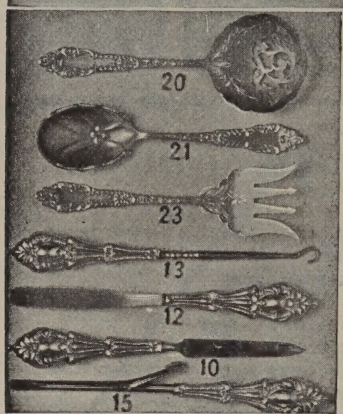

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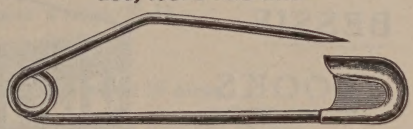

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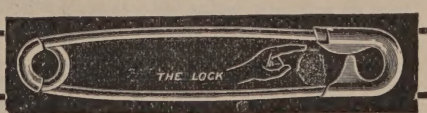

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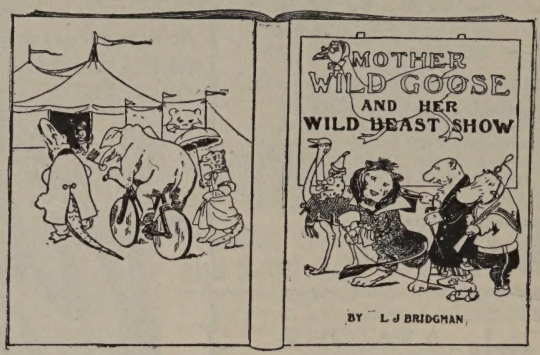

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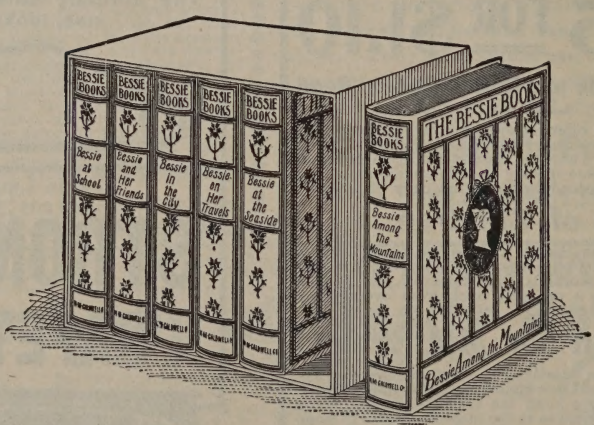

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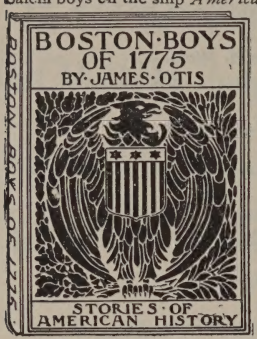

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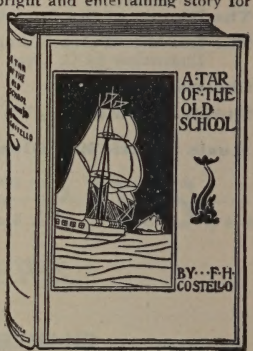

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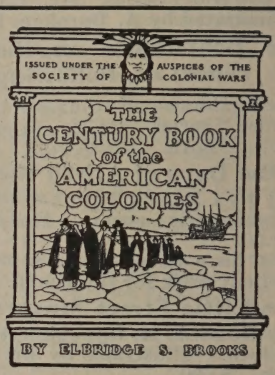
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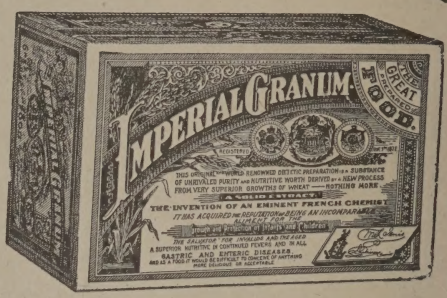

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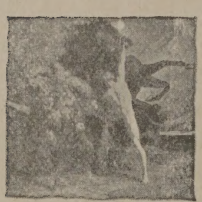

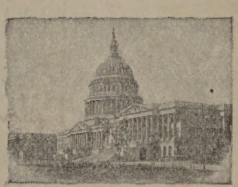

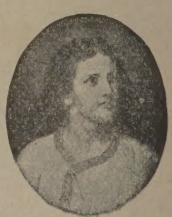

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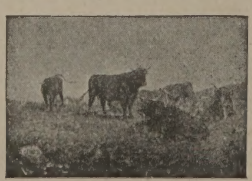

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